d not guilty, and was released
00 bail to appear before the
t p. m. to-day.

Rike was arrested yesterday
Charles Dill, charged with
s driving. He was released
bail to appear before the
s morning at 10 a. m. Rike
to escape the officer, who
alled to chase the flying horse
corner of June and Third-
Folkerth street.

riage Licenses Yesterday.

Pressl and Margaretha

n Buehner and Philomine

d Maloney and Alice Con-

K. Riggs and Ollie E. Dun-

Commandery's Success.

ommandery I. O. O. F. won
er at the competitive prize
Xenia yesterday. It was
mkest, open to all Odd Fel-
nnies, but only two put in an
ce, the Springfield and Day-
e Dayton drill corps won
int and carried off the ban-
e music was furnished by
Commandery drum corps of

Notes About People.

. J. Catrow, of Miamisburg,
s city last evening.

Nixon went to Cincinnati,
y, taking the 7:15 a. m.

ss Brownell started for a
ough the illimitable West,
y morning.

s Chamberlain and his moth-
Mr. E. C. Leslie, left last
Chicago.

Emma Leighty of Alexander-
., is visiting Miss Nettie
f Huffman Hill.

. B. Fortney, with McCul-
ns, Cincinnati, is visiting his
r. J. Z. Reeder, East Sixth

d Mrs. W. S. Archer and their
n, Misses Fannie and Ella,
rday morning for New Eng-
They expect to spend the sum-
he beach and will be absent
yton until after hot weather.

ompany B Promotions.

following are the officers of
y B, Fourth regiment, O. N.
their respective ranks, after
motions which occurred last
in the armory, near Webster

Sergeant, Charles Klein; Second
t, George Holwell; Third Lieu-
rther Dister; Fourth Lieutenant,
nnder; Fifth Lieutenant, Charles

Corporal, Charles Weikle; Second
W. M. Lecompte; Third Cor-
iel Detweiler; Fourth Corporal,
liffer; Fifth Corporal, A. Dutott;
Corporal, Jackson; Seventh Cor-
ohn Foster; Eighth Corporal,
ckes.

Following Court of Discipline,
pointed: Denine, Holwell,
Heinson, Weichet and

rt of Administration consist-
aptain Robert Hughes, Lieu-
Weaver, Denine and Holwell,
Weikal and Private Helly
ointed.

posed Rolling Mill in Dayton.

has become of the proposition
the Council some ten days ago
mible parties from abroad to
a rolling mill in Dayton if
inducements could be offer-
remember very well that the
s referred to a committee of
with instructions to examine
ort, but the committee had
orted. And hence our question:
s become of the proposition?
Council cannot grant the
dill capitalists a "subsidy" to
hem to locate the mill in
but the committee it appoint
d have at least collected
of the business of Dayton
ity that would have shown
lucement," or they might
ed a mass meeting of our mill-
and heavy real estate holders,
ed a subscription that might
lted in a site at least for the
rolling mill.

Telephone Calls.

Altic, the newly appointed
of the Piqua exchange, left
morning for his new field

of twenty men will begin
ay on the line between this
Springfield.

rk of connecting Xenia with
phonically will begin to-

uldcon is now chief opera-
les O'Dell collector of the
xchange.

oyer is in the employ of the
ompany again as day oper-

are now about 500 sub-
the telephone in this city.
nger, of Piqua, has accep-
ion as day operator in the
xchange.

nine day operators six are

rk of connecting Piqua with
ill begin next week.

AMUSEMENTS.

ne.—E. A. Estabrook and
ists gave their last exhibi-
this season last night at the

ÆSTHETIC.

An Interesting Interview With Oscar Wilde

On Art, Decorative Art, American and European Art.

Sight Seeing About Dayton and the Soldiers' Home.

His Lecture on Decorative Art at Music Hall Last Night.

Our fair city was visited yesterday as most of our readers know by perhaps the greatest living art critic—one who at least is among the very highest and still on the ascendancy, while the luster of him, who has ruled supreme in the kingdom of art criticism hitherto, during the present generation, is rapidly waving and losing its power. The ignorant laugh at Oscar Wilde's eccentricities, but that matters naught in view of the fact that he is recognized by artists and connoisseurs of art as a man of almost unequaled taste and æsthetic judgement.

He arrived in this city late Monday, night, and at once retired to his rooms at the Beckel House, where he remained during the morning.

A representative of the DEMOCRAT paid Mr. Wilde a visit, in his room at the Beckel House just after he had finished his dinner yesterday. A more opportune moment for an interview could not have been chosen for the old truth, well known, that a man's sociability and talkativeness are at their best when the inner man has been supplied with all that nature demands or culinary skill can supply, was here amply proven and promptly in answer to the reporter's card sent up from the office, came the invitation to walk in.

There sat the great Oscar Wilde half reclining on a sofa, a small table before him bearing writing materials in the use of which he had evidently been interrupted by the entrance of his visitor. Papers were strewn about his feet in profusion. The remains of his dinner stood on another table beside him, and the whole character of the room presented an air more of comfortable utility rather than orthodox neatness. Mr. Wilde himself was in perfect keeping with these surroundings as he sat there, whiffing a fine cigar. His face is well known to our readers through the thousands of pictures that have been scattered over the country since his arrival upon American soil. He looks exactly like these pictures with his long coraggy brown hair, wiry and oil-less, falling over his ears and neck, about his shoulders, his mild blue-grey eyes, his graceful nose but large lips, his soft effeminate flesh, but withal his very large, massive head and graceful form. He is odd and eccentric in his dress and style, but it is an eccentricity which loses its conspicuousness in the charm of his conversation, the depth of thought and brilliancy of expression. Eccentric, it is true, but it is the eccentricity of a great man and not the eccentricity of affectation, or else he could not have won for himself the commendation of the greatest artists and literati of this continent and the old world as it undoubtedly has done are he has reached the age of three decades.

His dress was peculiar although he did not wear his much talked of knee-breeches. He had on a mouse-colored, corduroy blouse with grey worsted pantaloons.

About his neck was tied an old silk tie of a warm green hue while from the left breast pocket of his coat protruded a silk handkerchief of the same color.

"How do America and American institutions impress you, Mr. Wilde?" asked the reporter by way of opening conversation after self introduction and cordial greeting had passed.

"Oh what is the use to generalize. This country is much like other countries, we do not find much difference. I think the West is grand; I was far more interested in that part of American than in the East. The East is much more like the countries of Europe. But in California I was perfectly delighted. Everything is so new and novel and interesting. I was charmed with California and the West. But what a dreadful barrier the desert separates you of the East from the West. It seems as though nature had exhausted her resources on the West and had nothing left for those prairies. Oh it is so dreary, so desolate with those miles and miles of level plain sweeping across the country with not a tree, not a flower, not even an animal."

"I presume, however, that you do not find as much art in the West as in the East?"

"No; but still there are some good artists out there. We do not want to teach the people now to become great artists. We do not want to take a fine Italian masterpiece and put it in the workman's shanty. He would not appreciate it. He could not be made to appreciate it. It would give him no pleasure, what we want to do is to teach the people that they can have beauty in everything, teach them to open their eyes and look at nature, teach them to see the glorious panorama of color that is going on every day in the skies above their heads, and in all nature about them. We want to get them to quit using these horrid forms of furniture and household utensils, and make them understand that there can be beauty in the meanest vessel. We want to educate them to despise these dreadful combinations in color in their wall paper. Either they are now ignorant and insensible to those outrages to taste or else they are existing in utter misery. Now look at that chair. Can anything be more horrid in form, where it curves in it should curve out and where it curves out it ought to curve in. It will not last either; it is badly put up.

All over the country, in all the hotels I stop at, they give me cups like this to drink my coffee or chocolate from. See how thick and clumsy it is. It is at least half an inch thick, and so barbaric in form that one would think it was made in a barbarous, savage age and intended to be used to bite at the head of an enemy as a weapon of defense. It disgusts me to drink from it. Such rude things make men rude who use them. We ought to have things of beauty in everything about our house. Let children when quite young be accustomed to see and handle delicate things and they will become refined. I was impressed, while out West, in going among the Chinese, to see those navvies who work hard all day on the railroad, shoveling dirt, go home at night and drink their tea out of cups of fine porcelain as thin and delicate as the petals of a white rose, so delicate, indeed, that our ladies even are afraid to handle them for fear of breaking them. That is what we should have for ourselves here. I would place things of beauty, things of delicacy in the houses of all our mechanics as well as of the wealthy. This is the first hotel that I have been in for two or three weeks where my room did not have that horrid dreadful thing called a stove in it. I think the way people make stoves, now is an outrage. If we must have them in our houses with their black iron bodies and ugly coiling pipe, let us have them plain and unornamented. But no, they insist on decorating them, and so they put a garland of roses around the bottom—black, grimy horrid machine made cast iron roses! What a desecration! And then on top they put a something that so much resembles a funeral urn that we think we are living in a cemetery or sepulchre all the time. Why not make them plain? Then they can be accepted simply as a disagreeable necessity."

"Mr. Wilde, do you think that this present so-called 'æsthetic craze' '—?

"O *do* not call it a craze. It is no craze. You Americans have such a way of treating serious things as a joke. And yet you are not a joyous people. In society there is all brilliancy and apparent joyousness, but on the railway trains I do not see happy men and women. Everybody has a troubled anxious look, and everybody is pushing forward in some business project. But the people do not appreciate art and so they call it a craze. But it will live, and spread its influences and be continuing in its good and it is no craze."

"You have answered just the question I was going to ask. I should rather have used the term, "revival." Do you think the present great revival of interest in art will pass away after a time or will its benefits be lasting?"

"Art and true beauty can never die. There may be a wave of barbarism sweep over Europe by an Asiatic invasion, but true art will not be lost."

"Pardon me for asking it, Mr. Wilde, but I have a great curiosity, as many other Americans have, to know why it is you have selected the lily and sunflower as the emblems of beauty. You know it has been only since your arrival in America that those flowers have really been discovered by Americans."

"I love the lily and sunflower," answered the great æsthete, laughing, "because of their perfectness of form and adaptability for decorative purposes. What is more beautiful than the gracefully flowing outlines of the lily and the symmetry of the sunflower with its large round disk of rich reddish brown surrounded by its beautiful rays of yellow. Then with the lily there is such purity of color and it has so many beautiful legends associated with it. And the sunflower's fidelity to the great source of warmth and light, and truth. It always looks to the sun, never dropping its head towards the cold shadows of earth. The lily is so beautiful for decorating rooms, but the sunflower is too gorgeous for indoor decoration, unless the room is full of richness and color. The rose is a beautiful piece of color, but it has no beauty of form and is not adapted for decoration.

"Do you think," Mr. Wilde, "that you pre-Raphaelites of the present day, while tending to wean art away from the old heroic style of Michael Angelo, and introducing more of the realistic and more of nature as it is, are bringing it more within the power of appreciation of the masses than it has been hitherto?"

Why, what could be more realistic than Michael Angelo? The truth is we are only beginning to appreciate the classic art. The infinite beauty of Greek art is only being discovered. But it is a mistake which the Americans so often make, to confuse me with the pre-Raphaelite. While I owe much to Mr. Ruskin and to pre-Raphaelite teaching, I do not class myself with that school, but I belong to a very different school entirely."

"Whom do you consider the greatest living painter?

"I think Mr. Whistler is by far the greatest artist living and I am glad to be able to say he is an American, although he lives in England."

"Have you found any artists in America whom you consider equal to your great painters of England?

"It is hard to institute comparisons between artists and especially between men of genius, because to be a genius a man must possess certain qualities which are exclusively his own, and the value of these qualities cannot be compared with the value of qualities possessed by another. I think Mr. Duveneck of Boston is the greatest painter in America. He and Mr. Whistler are the leaders in this new school which I champion."

"Are there any other great artists who have become allied with this new school you speak of?

"No, it is followed now only by the younger class of artists."

"What are the characteristics of the school?"

"Simplicity of treatment from scenes of the present day in preference to the old subjects of history. The pre-Raphaelites estimate the worth of a picture by the story it tells. We do not consider that. It does not matter so much *what* you paint, as *how* you paint it. Our school lays greatest weight on the importance of color. A picture badly colored is no picture at all. Unless, as you approach a picture from a distance, the eye is pleased with the beautiful scheme of color, it is not a good picture no matter how good a story is told.

"I believe that art has a province of its own without invading the provinces of literature. If we want a poem, let us go to a poet; if we want a story, let us go to a story teller, but if we want a picture, a representation of the wonderful beauties around us, then let us go to the artist. Whistler has adopted this idea of the importance of harmony of color that he paints his pictures and names them, solely with this in view. He paints symphonies in color. You may laugh at the idea of a man painting a symphony, but he does it, and he names his pictures "Symphony in Blue and White," or "Symphony in White."

Why, the most beautiful picture I ever saw is Whistler's "Symphony in White." It is so simple and yet so lovely. A grey sky lightly flecked with delicate white clouds, a grey sea dotted with white waves. And in the foreground is a white balcony with all the varying shades of white, from the pearly white marble to the rich yellow-white of ivory. Upon the balcony are three little girls, oh! so beautiful, all dressed in white, and one is reaching over and tearing the petals of white blossoms from a tree, and they are borne away upon gentle zephyrs, like little white snow flakes. Could anything be more exquisitely lovely? What purity! What beauty! and then would you turn from this to some dreadful picture of "Mary, Queen of Scots, about to be beheaded," painted by some artist who ought to have been beheaded himself before he was ever allowed to paint such a picture?

That is the kind of art that is destined to win the day in this present age. We are tired of these bloody, ugly dreadful pictures we have had so long."

"What do you think of America, Mr. Wilde viewed from an artistic standpoint?"

"It will never produce great landscape painters. It will be greater in figure painting than in landscape; But it will be greatest in sculpture. The country is new. People look upon the forests from a commercial point of view and do not appreciate them artistically. Men at hard labor in the mines or at agriculture form excellent subjects for figure painting while men who are confined in large cities become stooped and ungraceful. But no country which has the clear atmosphere and the cloudless skies, that America has or that Switzerland or Italy have, can be good for the landscapist. The great landscape painters of the world have been in Holland, France and England, where the hazy, damp atmosphere lend a charm to the view not seen in clearer air.

"Well, I must express my thanks to you, Mr. Wilde, for this interview I presume you have found us newspaper men a great annoyance since you have been in America."

"O no, not at all. I never allow anything to annoy me. If I don't want to see anybody I tell them so. Soon after this, the carriage drove up which had been provided by Professor Isaac Broome, through whose efforts Mr. Wilde was brought to Dayton, and by the courtesy of Mr. Wilde and Professor Broome, representatives of the DEMOCRAT and *Journal* accompanied these two gentlemen on a trip of sightseeing.

The new Presbyterian Church was first visited. Mr. Wilde admired its arrangement very much, and thought the granite pillars in the interior were beautiful, but would have been better if of different colors. He did not compliment the stained glass windows nor the frescoing, but said they were both barren and in bad taste.

He was struck with the elaborately fine jail exterior and afterwards in expressing his admiration of the general beauty of the city said he did not wonder we have so fine a jail for with a city so beautiful people *could* not be very wicked.

At the Art Pottery of the Ladies Decorative Art Society, he was not sparing in his praise of the works of Professor Broome and of the students.

He was particularly complimentary to the undergiaze decoration of some pieces of pottery, the work of Miss May Broome, pronouncing them exquisite and in wonderful taste, and he was delighted when Miss Broome presented him a small piece of pottery which he had admired especially. Miss Broome has a right to feel proud of his praises of her work, for he is not accustomed to praise except when he means what he says.

At the Soldiers' Home a visit was paid to Governor Patrick who assisted by, Chaplain Earnshaw, Colonel Thomas, Major Watson and Captain Giddinger, entertained their distinguished visitor to the very best of their ability. He was shown the principal attractions of the Home, although time was limited, and he freely praised the new theater and particularly the handsome drop curtain. Indeed although he has traveled so much and seen so many sights he still has a keen interest in all he sees.

THE LECTURE.

The audience at Music Hall last evening was only moderately large, but it was generally composed of the most refined and cultured of the city. The lecture was undoubtedly appreciated by all among the audience who have hitherto taken an interest in the subject, but it is as unreasonable to suppose that the lecture which does not profess to be a purely popular lecture, should have interested the man who came only from the study of law, or of the price of stocks, or the probabilities of a future political victory or defeat. The lecture being æsthetic could only be enjoyed by art lovers and such was the case last night. With a brilliancy of thought and knowledge of the subject, he united a poetic and beautiful flow of language, but his delivery perhaps is subject to the criticism of being monotonous and consequently wearisome. Want of space forbids our giving an abstract of the lecture. The following are a few of the points of most local interest.

Professor Broome upon approaching the foot lights introduced the lecturer with a very few appropriate words.

Mr. Wilde was received with an outburst of applause.

He was dressed for the stage in a suit of rich black velvet with the knee breeches and a swallow-tail coat, black stockings and slippers. Upon the left hand was a white kid glove but drawn on, and in his right he held lonely in his mate. He appeared at home at once upon the stage and proceeded without preface in his lecture.

He said he did not propose to enter into any abstract definition of beauty but that he chose rather to teach how to appreciate beautiful things. He decried against the term "second-hand," which signifies that the owner of articles think that from the moment they begin to use them they become of less value. He extolled the old furniture well made and regretted the careless way of manufacturing modern furniture which soon falls to pieces.

He said art is healthy when it makes beautiful the things around us, and unhealthy when it makes the painter go back into history and to old ruins for subjects to his art. The art that we want is the art that makes use of all the inventions of the nineteenth century and suited to all the custom of the nineteenth century. He said he favored machinery of all kinds when they relieve mankind from servile work but they should not be used to make ornaments. He claims that no real ornaments can be made by machinery.

He said he was much pleased with the Dayton school of art because, it is situated in a beautiful grove orchard or field of trees and he hoped that they would soon have a living garden of flowers. He thinks there should also always be a museum attached to such a school. Not such a great museum where the scientist is allowed to put the skeleton of a great hideous giraffe, but a museum where there is collected specimens of the best decorative art of Europe and Asia.

He does not like decoration of dishes with landscapes. He said he was well pleased with the Dayton Art School because of the total absence of all such erroneous decoration, and he was delighted to find that there was one lady there who is able to confine herself to abstract design and to imitation. He said he saw no reason why our beautiful city should not have as good an art school as any city in the country, and he was very happy to see that our school was entirely free from all those erroneous ideas of decoration which are so common at artistic material as has America. For instance, there are the great quarries of marble. He disapproved of the use of marble plainly as common stone, but it should be richly carved. If the means of the builder will not permit this, then red brick should be used which makes no pretension. He disapproved of the dull, obscure colors which are so commonly used in painting our residences. He said that carpets are made to pave over musty books when they should be cut in the field and forest where they would learn truth in the natural way.

MEDICAL INSTITUTE.

DAYTON MEDICAL AND SURGICAL INSTITUTE,

DAYTON, O.,

Northwest Corner Ludlow and Franklin Streets, One Block South of Union Depot,

For the Treatment of Chronic and Surgical Diseases and Diseases of

THE EYE & EAR.

J. W. M'MENAMY, M. D.,

Physician, Surgeon and Electrician, Formerly of Columbia Medical College, Bellevue Hospital Medical College, New York City Electric Medical College, and College of Physicians and Surgeons (Fourteen Years Hospital and Private Practice.)

G. M. DAYTON, A. M., M. D. Inventor of the Dayton Inhaler. C. C. FULTON, M. D., Oculist and Aurist.

CONSULTATION FREE.

WANTED.

WANTED—BOY—To learn the baker trade. Call at Heft's Bakery, 632 East Third street. *

WANTED—TO RENT—Within two weeks, a house of from six to eight rooms, within two blocks of the square of Central Region House. Address—X. Y. Z., DEMOCRAT office, stating location and rent. may2d3t*

WANTED—GIRL—Experienced dining-room girl at the Rickety House, corner Sixth and Ludlow street. *may3d3t GEO. W. MATHS.

WANTED—SITUATION—10 to $25 to say person who will give or procure for me a good situation. Have had several years business experience. Understand book-keeping, corr sp ndence collections, selling goods, running some kind of wood work machinery, supervision of workmen, etc, etc. Am young man, comparative stranger in city. Willing to go into any good concern for certain length of time without remuneration. Have references. Address F. G. Box 470, city. ap29d6t*

WANTED—FEATHERS—We will exchange most rich or furniture of any kind for old feathers, or will pay cash. Call at S. R. Bennett & Co's furniture store, No. 115 S. Fifth street, Dayton, O. ap16d1m

WANTED—The public to know that I D. Mitchell, 280 East Fifth street, near Jefferson, make plows, sharpen carts, and is special dealer in coopers' tools, trunk hoops and manufacturer of cooper, bolsters and axle models. Full assortment of handle, oils, etc., always on hand and lamps repaired. 1m18d1t

LOST.

LOST—BANK DRAFT—On New York, drawn by the Bank of Wellsville, of Wellsville, N. Y, April 28, 1882, for twenty-nine dollars, and payable to order of S. N. Brown & Co. The finder will be suitably rewarded by returning it to S. N. Brown & Co., corner Fourth and St. Clair streets. may3d3t*

FOR RENT.

FOR RENT—STORE ROOM—I will rent one of my storerooms in my three-story brick, on South St. Clair street, Nos. 10 and 12. Also, (in a short time) a suite of 4 living rooms on second floor suitable for light housekeeping for small family. JOHN BRINKMAN. *ap26d6t

FOR RENT—ROOMS—In the third and fourth stories of the McDaniel building, Third street near Main, suitable for sleeping rooms. Apply to J. McDaniel. ap28d1t

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS—One Health Lift, in good order, one 8 ds. Fountain, twelve silver-plated Shaw-cases, all sizes; one "Magic" Range; one "Windsor" Range, and four large Reservoir Coal Cook Stoves, taken in exchange for Greene Steam Cooking Coal Cooking Stove. Call at Goldsmith's Furnishing Goods Store, 100 S. Third st., opposite Huffman House. ap28d6t